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An Effect of A Cyclone

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

I walked into Topeka, Kan., one morning and was entering a hotel when a man in the doorway looked at me with a growing expression of astonishment on his face. I could not understand why he regarded me thus, for I did not remember to have ever seen him before. I passed into the hotel. Persons were moving about, none of whom interested me or I them, till I ran up against another man, who looked at me with the same expression as the man I had met in the doorway. As he passed me I turned and looked back at him and saw him looking back at me.

Not ten minutes after this a hand was clapped on my shoulder, and a voice said:

"Jim Donegan, I want you!"
This third surprise was a clue to the others. Quite likely I resembled a man who was wanted for crime or perhaps supposed crime. I certainly never broke a law in my life.

True enough, both the men who had looked at me in surprise swore that I was Jim Donegan, who a few days before was caught red handed in a robbery, but got away. The only thing about my case that seemed to puzzle my accusers was that I should openly show myself in Topeka. But when I denied that I was Donegan they concluded that I was bluffing.

While I was being taken to jail one of those Kansas cyclones came up and

cut a swath right through the town, taking in me and my captor. What became of him I don't know to this day. As for me, I was blown against a tree box and clung to it till the storm had passed, which involved only a few minutes. What especially interested me was to make good my escape from those who had mistaken me for some one else. I was fearful lest my captor would get his hands on me again. Perhaps, considering the damage that had been done by the storm, I magnified my own importance. Nevertheless I thought of nothing but re-arrest.

Holding to the path of the cyclone, I ran like a deer till I came to a house with a hole in its side so big that I could walk right through it. There was a bed inside that looked very inviting for a tired man. I was not tired, but it occurred to me that it would be a good place to hide. So I jumped into bed and covered up, all except my eyes, resolving that I would pretend to have been killed by the cyclone.

I had not been in bed long before a pretty girl came in and, seeing me, ran out crying:

"Who in the world was in bed in the spare room when the storm came?"

A woman, a young fellow about seventeen years old and a little girl came into the room. I lay staring at the ceiling, pretending to be dead. It seemed to me that this was the only way to avoid answering questions as to how I came to be in bed in a strange house.

"He's not dead," said the girl who had discovered me. "Don't you see the color in his cheek?" I concluded that it would be better to play injured. I groaned and lowered my eyes to the group bending over me.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"How in the world did you come to be here?" exclaimed the woman in a tone of amazement.

"Don't you remember anything?" asked the girl.

"I remember being taken up by a wind and landed somewhere, but when I stopped I lost consciousness." Then looking in assumed wonder at the open side of the house, "Can it be that I was blown through there?"

I asked them if they couldn't cover up the opening and let me stay there till I felt able to go somewhere else. They got blankets and tacked them up between me and the outside. Then they asked me what else they could do for me. I told them that I would prefer to be let alone for a time till I could collect my faculties, declaring that I felt bruised all over. They suggested that some bones might be broken, but as this would involve an immediate examination I said my bones were all right. The girl said that though she could understand how I might have been blown in at the aperture she couldn't understand how I could have been blown into bed and covered up. I said that just before they had come in I had felt a sensation of cold and had doubtless pulled the covers over me.

"Do you remember tucking yourself in?" asked the young lady.

I paid no attention to what was plainly a sarcasm. I was well tucked in, for I had got under the covers without throwing them down.

Well, I played "safe" long enough to send for my brother, dreading all the while that the house would be searched for me. Had I seen the damage that had been done I would not have feared so much for myself. A strip of the town several hundred feet wide had been wrecked and many persons injured. The house I was in had been badly damaged, though no one was hurt.

I left with my brother after dark and didn't visit Topeka again till I had ample proofs of my identity. Then I went to see the girl who asked me if the storm that had landed me in bed had "ruined me in." I told her the whole story and asked her if she had believed my explanation. She said she hadn't, but thought I had been so badly frightened by the cyclone that I had got into bed without knowing what I was doing.

Marsh Cure.
Hubby (at breakfast)—I've got a bad head this morning. Wife—I'm sorry, dear. I do hope you'll be able to shake it off.—Boston Transcript.

The scandal monger is the submarine of the human race.—Life.

ARMENIAN ATROCITIES

Washington Hears of Subjection of Exiles to Fresh Horrors from Turks

MORE SEVERE THAN EVER

800,000 Said to Have Been Massacred—The Turks Hold Up Relief

Washington, July 31.—Information that Turkish atrocities upon Armenians are more severe than ever has led the state department to consider making new representations to the Porte. No reply has been received to representations for the same purpose made by the United States more than a month ago.

Russians are in control of virtually all Armenian territory and the Armenians reported subject to new outrages are those exiled in the Mesopotamia and Arabian districts. In official quarters at Washington belief was expressed Saturday that the increased mistreatment of the exiles was partly due to recent Russian military successes against the Turkish forces.

Abram I. Elkus, the new American ambassador to Turkey, is expected to take upon the question upon his arrival at Constantinople. He will leave this country Aug. 17.

Turks Hold Up Armenian Relief. It is learned in semi-official Greek circles at Athens that the Turkish government is holding up the distribution of American supplies intended for the relief of Armenians. The conditions of the Armenian refugees is said to be most pitiable. The total number of civilians massacred up to this time is put at 800,000, according to estimates made at Athens.

SENATE FOR CLEMENCY

Adopts Resolution by 46 to 19 Votes, Favoring Irish Political Prisoners.

Washington, July 31.—By a vote of 46 to 19, the Senate Saturday adopted a resolution requesting President Wilson to transmit to the British government an expression of hope that it would exercise clemency in the treatment of Irish political prisoners. By its action the Senate overruled the report of a majority of its foreign relations committee and followed a course outlined in a minority report made by Chairman Stone and Senators O'Gorman and Pittman.

CARRANZA GETS REPLY

Answer of United States Given to First Chief.

Washington, July 31.—The answer of the United States government accepting the proposal for a conference concerning relations with Mexico was translated into Spanish Saturday and submitted to General Carranza at Mexico City. It is possible that his reply acquainting the United States with his desires as to the time and place of holding the conference will go forward to Eliseo Arredondo, the Mexican American ambassador designate, to-day.

O'Hara and Wetmore to Appear On Second Day of Chautauqua



W. T. WETMORE—GEOFFREY O'HARA.

GEOFFREY O'HARA, Irish tenor and song writer, and W. T. Wetmore, impersonator, are coming to Chautauqua with their imitable Irish songs and impersonations in dialect. Mr. O'Hara is the composer of several songs that have been sung around the world, among them "Tennessee, I Hear You Calling Me" and "Your Eyes Have Told Me." He scored an ovation a few years ago as soloist with the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Wetmore has made successful appearances in the Brooklyn Institute and in many cities throughout the country. His programs consist of literary masterpieces, New England legends, Hoosier dialect, gems of English and American literature, all abounding in the choicest humor.

There are millions of Mexican Indians who never heard of the United States except as some vague mythical land inhabited by wicked gringos.—Statement of Andre Tridon, Mexican War Correspondent and Chautauqua Lecturer.

WRECK OFFICES OF ITALIAN JOURNAL

Roused by Agitators at Meeting, 200 Excited Workers in New York Demand Space for Labor Propaganda—Police Reserve Club Rioters — Arrest 12.

New York, July 31.—Two hundred followers of the I. W. W., including many garment workers, marched down from Union square to the building occupied by Il Progresso Italo-Americana, the Italian newspaper published at 42 Elm street early Saturday evening, and wrecked the offices on the second floor. They came directly from a meeting in Union square conducted by I. W. W. leaders, where they had been listening all the afternoon to pleas for action to secure the release of Carlo Tresca and 14 other organizers now in jail in Virginia, Minn., on a charge of murder.

The newspaper office was wrecked, according to Antonio Croce, general manager of Il Progresso, because the editor of the paper, Alfred Bossi, refused to turn over his columns for a propaganda to obtain Tresca's freedom. In the riot which followed two policemen were beaten and Acting Captain of Detectives William C. Devey was kicked and seriously hurt. Twelve men were arrested and locked up in the Elizabeth street station, charged with felonious assault and inciting to riot.

\$50,000 TOBACCO FIRE

Connecticut Corporation's Warehouse Burned at Granby, Conn.

Granby, Conn., July 31.—Damage estimated at between \$30,000 and \$50,000 resulted from the burning at Floydville Saturday of a large warehouse of the Connecticut Tobacco corporation with its contents, including 68 bales of tobacco. The loss is partially covered by insurance, it was stated.

A Stiff Price.

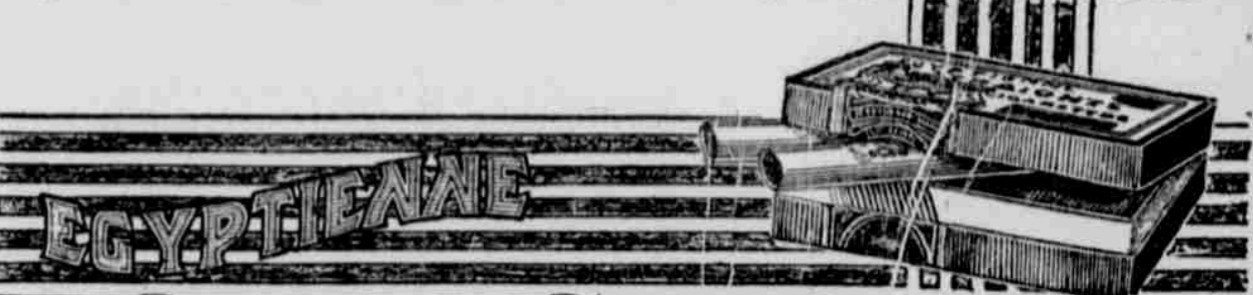
The sum of \$25,000,000 for the three West Indian islands of Denmark seems to be an extortionate price. If they were worth not more than \$6,000,000 in Secretary Hay's time, according to the abortive treaty of purchase which was then negotiated, what new considerations to-day make the islands worth four times as much? The natural resources have not been increased, while their naval importance was clearly discerned as early as our Civil war.

It may be said, no doubt, that the desire of the United States to own the islands has grown keener in the past dozen years. It may be true, also, that their actual strategic value to the United States has much increased since the Panama canal was opened to traffic. Finally, the voyage from Bremen to Baltimore of the German submarine Deutschland emphasizes the point that a strong European naval power in possession of the Danish West Indies could operate with war submarines against our immense Atlantic coasting trade, with the fine harbors of those islands serving as a base.

With the new factor of submarine warfare to be reckoned with—and the ultimate status of the war submarine remains to be determined—is the sum of \$25,000,000 for the islands excessive? However, the Danish government is undoubtedly trying to squeeze the last possible dollar out of the United States treasury.—Springfield Republican.

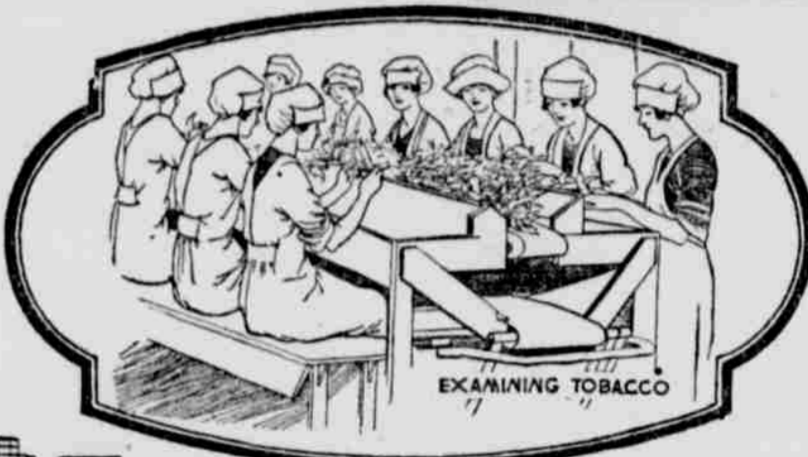
Mrs. John Sadlinger, youngest daughter of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, died Monday near San Jose, Cal., at the age of 63 years. A sister, Sarah Brown, died there three weeks ago.

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Cork Tips Plain Ends



Every puff of STRAIGHTS turns into smoke another small quantity of tobacco — tobacco which has received the utmost care and attention.

Ripened in far-off Asia Minor by the warm Sahara winds, it is specially selected and imported to be made into STRAIGHTS, by capped and gowned girl workers in a spotless factory.

That box you're going to buy, you can smoke with every confidence in their goodness and purity.



If when you are next in New York City you should care to see for yourself the perfect cleanliness that prevails throughout the entire factory, drop a postal to the STRAIGHTS factory, 337-347 West 27th Street, and a card of invitation will be sent you promptly.

EGYPTIENNE STRAIGHTS CIGARETTES ARE MADE AND GUARANTEED BY THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Colored Evidence.

A well known lawyer was trying to make clear to a legal student the significance of the term "colored evidence," meaning that evidence which has been tampered with.

"The best illustration I can think of came within my observation not long ago," said the lawyer. "A physician had said to a fair patient:

"Madam, you are a little run down. You need frequent baths and plenty of fresh air, and I advise you to dress in the coolest, most comfortable clothes; nothing stiff or formal."

"When the lady got home this is how she rendered to her husband the advice given to her by the doctor:

"He says I must go to the seashore, do plenty of motoring and get some new summer gowns." — New York Times.

Obsolete Trade Names.

Some obsolete names of trades survive as surnames—e. g., Webster, Lister, Walker. In the fourteenth century the weaver was known as "the webster," the dyer was "the lyster" and the workman who trod the cloth in the dye vat was "the walker." The arkwright made the arks or chests in which clothes or meal were stored, and the smith was frequently dubbed "the faber," this latter being one of the rare cases in which the Latin translation of a craft has become a common surname. When the coteleur had forged an edged tool the blower finished it off or put the bloom on; the chapman traveled with goods from door to door and the coke baked cakes and sold them.—London Tatler.

Muscle Soreness.

Prevent soreness and lameness when playing tennis, ball, golf and other out-of-door sports, by having for instant use Minard's Uniment, the effective antiseptic which is pure and stainless and which is so popularly used by most every one this season.

The Reuss Henrys.

For 700 years every prince of the house of Reuss has been christened Henry, with a distinguishing numeral, but the task of identifying them is rendered doubly difficult owing to the existence of two branches, each of which has a different system of numeration. The elder line begins the numbering anew after each batch of 100 Henrys, whereas the younger line goes by the centuries, numbering its princes as they are born from I. upward through each complete hundred years. The territories of the two branches comprise little more than 400 square miles, divided into Reuss-Schleiz-Gera and Reuss-Greiz. For centuries the Montenegro of the Germanic countries, both branches joined the German confederation in 1815, but the elder line (Reuss-Greiz) sided with Austria in 1806, and the principality narrowly escaped being incorporated with Prussia.—Westminster Gazette.

Work of the Ground Mole.

There is a popular belief that the ground mole is a destructive animal. Like many popular beliefs this cannot be substantiated by facts. Ground moles do not feed upon roots and are not destructive. The ground mole is a subterranean animal. It burrows its nest, rears its young and hunts its prey beneath the earth. It is well adapted to its subterranean life, the shape of its body being cylindrical, gradually tapering to a point at the extremity of its nose. Ground moles visit only those localities where the earth is infested with insect life. Where they are numerous the ground is interlaced with "runs" or passageways that lead from one feeding ground to another. These little animals deserve protection because they prey upon all kinds of underground insects, among which are the larvae of some of the most injurious insects which pass their pupa or chrysalis stage beneath the earth.—Country Life in America.

In trying to rescue a cat from the branch of a tree, Mrs. Mary Palmer of Newark, N. J., fell and broke both her legs.

FOUR DOCTORS DISAGREED

Pains Disappeared After Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Wilmington, Del.—"I was suffering from a terrible backache and pains in my side, with bearing down pains and was very nervous. I was always tired, always drowsy, never could get enough sleep and could not eat. I had four doctors and each told me something different. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. I got good results and I now feel better than I have felt for years and I am gaining in weight. I can gladly recommend it to all women."—Mrs. GEORGE W. SEBOLD, 1611 West 4th Street, Wilmington, Del.

Backache and bearing down pains are danger signals which every woman should heed. Remove the cause of these aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that good old root and herb medicine. Thousands of women have testified to its virtues. For forty years it has been making women strong, curing backache, nervousness, ulceration and inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularity and periodic pain.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., confidential, Lynn, Mass.



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Rich milk, malted grain extract, in powder. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. The Food-Drink for all Ages. More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc. Substitutes cost YOU Same Price.

AWFUL PAIN FROM RINGWORM ON FACE

Then On Head, Itched Terribly. Very Large, Skin Sore and Inflamed. Had Wet Scales on It.

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"I felt pimples coming out on my face, then on my head, and I began to scratch them for they itched terribly. The pimples were large and red and after a while they festered and seemed to run together like one great ball and then I knew it was ringworm. The ringworm was very large and the skin was sore and inflamed and had wet scales on it. I felt awful pain and I lost a great deal of sleep.

"I used a number of remedies. Then my hair began to fall out. A friend told me about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I got them as soon as possible. They stopped the itching and falling out of my hair and I only used four cakes of Cuticura Soap and four boxes of Cuticura Ointment and I was healed." (Signed) Miss Ella Ray, Westport, Conn., Oct. 8, 1915.

Sample Each Free by Mail
With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.